

Through College on the  
Capital of a Cent

## A PENNY AND GRIT.

By Amos R. Wells. Courtesy of The Christian Endeavor World.

An Interview with the  
Author of "A Hero in  
Homespun"

BOSTON has lost, and Chicago (as usual) has gained, a remarkable young man. Rev. William E. Barton, D. D.; and his life is crammed with inspiration for all young men and young women who have to make their way in the world that I called on him one day before he left, on purpose to talk over his many interesting experiences.

In the pleasant Boston suburb of Jamaica Plain I found a very modest frame house, and met at once a hearty greeting from a broad-shouldered, ruddy-faced man, with a clear blue eye, and the western way of annexing all creation—strangers decidedly included—to his immediate interest.

He began at once to show me his treasures. That was his scheme to keep me from talking about himself, for he knew what I had come for. The latest of them was a fine painting by A. M. Willard, the artist who drew the pictures for Dr. Barton's book of rhymes about the pumpkin pie—a book, by the way, whose sales, as its author jokingly and misleadingly remarks, will make up for the loss (?) on his recent scholarly volumes on the Psalms. The painting of Dr. Willard's, a Christmas present, showed Dr. Barton's revolutionary great-grand father in the act of knocking off his horse, with a wooden bucket, a British officer who had just "captured" him. Instead, the doughty farmer captured the officer's sword. This sword forms half of Dr. Barton's striking book-plate, the other half being his grandfather's Bible.

"I want to see that cent." These were almost my first words, for I had heard about the cent.

Dr. Barton laughed as he led me up-stairs to his "den" and before he would show me the cent, he showed me many things that he—not I—thought better worth seeing, a leaf out of a missal once used by Martin Luther, some rare old Alduses and Elsevirs, bits of the penmanship of Crockett, Celia, Thaxter, Rose Terry Cooke and other notables, treasures of art and of literature picked up here and there and tenderly valued.

But the cent?  
At last he came to it, glued to the cover of a book. And here is the story of that cent, as I got the hero of the tale to tell it to me.

"I lived in a little town in northern Illinois, and by the time I was sixteen I had finished the work in the public school. Then I left home to make my fortune. For three years I worked on farms forty miles from home, and sent home my surplus to father, for he was in poor health.

"That was during the summers. Winters I worked for my board, one winter on a dairy farm, and another in a country place. All this time I was hoping against hope that some day I might get to college. I saved my money, and with my wages, sixteen dollars a month, and with this saving my sister and I started for college."

I could not help wondering how many boys would, under these circumstances, have taken their sisters along with them! But I kept this thought to myself, and Dr. Barton went on with his story, which was brought out by incessant questioning.

"A former pastor of mine was teaching at Berea College, Kentucky, and so we went there. It took most of our money to get there, and between us we had only sixteen dollars when we arrived. We both went to work to earn our way through."

"How did you do it?"  
"Well, for one thing, the first term I sawed wood at seventy-five cents a cord, and on the very first day, which was Saturday, I earned a dollar. Board was only a dollar and a half a week."

"And good board?"  
"Yes, good board; and tuition rates were nominal, and we both learned our lessons easily, so that we had several hours a day for work. The little tuition fee and the necessary books used up our sixteen dollars, so that I had to write and borrow ten dollars from a friend. The next year I repaid it with interest, but he returned the interest. But that ten dollars did not last long, and I soon found myself with only one cent."

It was the cent I was looking at, a large copper cent of 1848.

"I was about to spend this for a postal card to solicit another loan, but I reflected that cents were scarce in Kentucky, and I probably would not see another soon; so I kept the cent and struggled on without the loan. Thanks to that cent, I was never out of money while I was in college; but for fully one-third of the time during the first two years my entire capital consisted of one cent.

"I had to borrow more, and I did it from the loan fund of the college in sums of five and ten dollars. The first year while I was a 'senior prep' and before I was allowed a janitorship or other 'plum,' was the hard one. But we got through until commencement. We were absolutely out of money, and did not know how we could meet even the modest expenses of that season as kept in Berea. Just before commencement, I received a letter containing a blank sheet of paper and a ten-dollar bill. I never knew where it came from and could never return or express my thanks. Such a thing never occurred again, and I had no such need afterward, but my need just then was sore."

"What did you do through the summer vacations?"

"Both of us got schools to teach. My sister was sixteen miles away in the Cumberland Mountains, and mine was seventy. We received first-grade certificates, and each obtained a school paying the usual salary of thirty dollars a month, from which we deducted about five dollars a month for board. Our schools lasted five months, and while we taught, we did, as well as we could, the work of the coming fall, returning to Berea in time to take the last month in class, with reviews and examination. We kept on with our work in this way for two years more, and every year when we came back in the fall we paid all our debts."

"I know our readers will want to hear the other ways you took to earning money."

"Well, I obtained a janitorship which paid about a dollar a week. I led the college band, and received five dollars a term. I copied a little at twelve cents an hour. I sawed no more wood after the first year; I found more profitable work to do. I can't tell you all the ways in which I contrived first to earn a dollar, and then to make the dollar do the work of two. By the time I was a junior, I had a little teaching to do, in the preparatory department, which paid me fifty cents an hour; but

there was not much of this. I worked in the college library, taking my pay in duplicate books."

"Presentation copies of sermons and tenth-rate poems?" I inquired.

"Not at all," and Dr. Barton showed me some volumes, gained in this way, that made the foundation of his present fine historical library. There was a set of Prescott, another of Irving. I was greatly interested in learning some of the



"HIS EYES ARE ALL RIGHT NOW, BUT—"

other ways the lad took to buy books. For instance, he raised a club for the New York Tribune, and earned an encyclopedia. He delivered a lecture, and earned a Webster's Unabridged. But let us hear more of this enterprising young man's contrivances. Dr. Barton went on:—

"It was important that I should not miss the fall terms of my junior and senior years, and so, instead of teaching, I sold books. At this useful calling I earned fifty dollars a month and expenses. I had a chum, a brave, clean fellow; he is dead now, and we devised various ways of making ends meet. Once, during my first year, I dropped out of the boarding-hall and joined a boarding-club, which existed on seventy-five cents a week. It did not last long. But my chum and I organized another, which helped us over a hard six months on a dollar a week, and every man furnished his own tableware, and paid two weeks in advance. I have great pride in the memory of that club, for we actually lived, and had enough to eat, and made it a help to a score of fellows as poor as ourselves. But it cost us the same in money as the others were paying for board, and took time besides, so we discontinued it, and ended its existence with a feast upon the pig we had bought to eat our garbage, so that there might be no waste."

"Did you have to keep up this struggle all through your college course?"

"No, the last year was measurably free from minor economies. I boarded at the hall, dropped my janitorship, roomed in the house of one of the professors, and so on. To be sure, I continued to care for his cow to pay my room rent, and built his furnace fire to pay for my fuel; but this



IN THE WIGWAM.

was rather the continuance of an old arrangement than the result of sheer necessity. The hardship had steadily grown less, and I figured that if my college course was to continue much longer, I could begin to lay up money! As it was, I graduated with about twice as much money in my pocket as I had when I entered college, and did not need an anonymous letter with a ten-dollar bill in it to defray my graduating expenses."

The greatest hardship of his senior year, by the way, was a temporary trouble with his eyes, which became his greatest blessing, for a certain young lady took his sister's place and read his lessons to him. Dr. Barton's eyes are all right now, but the same young lady still reads to him, and to their five children! And Mrs. Barton, as well as her wide-awake husband, knows how to write stories.

I asked Dr. Barton what he thought of the small Western colleges and the opportunities they offer. His answer was emphatic.

"Why, Greek is Greek everywhere, and I cannot see but geology is about the same in Berea as in a university, and logarithms do not vary much with the longitude. Everywhere I find the graduates of the small colleges coming to the front. To be sure, there is a certain polish that one may get from a larger institution and miss from a small Western college, but that is more than made up by the close contact with the teachers. You know what Garfield said about a log with Mark Hopkins at one end of it, and a lad at the other constituting a university. Well, a few days ago, I was talking with one of the most distinguished pupils Mark Hopkins ever had, and I asked him about it. He said that all through his college course he scarcely got acquainted with the eminent teacher. The log was not there."

Remembering a big scrap-book full of his Christian Endeavor addresses, I asked him where he got his skill in off-hand speech, since he never makes preparation for these addresses.

"Largely in my college debating society," he answered. "At Berea we had no secret societies, and as a consequence the debating society flourished. We trained ourselves to take any side of any question, and speak upon it at a moment's notice."

On the wall hung four photographs which Dr. Barton laughingly called the "evolution of a pastor." They were pictures of the four churches over which he has presided; and the contrast was indeed striking between the rude log church up in the Cumberland Mountains—where for two years he labored as a mission-ary after his graduation—and the stately towers of Shawmut church in Boston.

"This is the finest church I had in the mountains," said he, showing us the photograph reproduced in our illustration. "And here is the picture of the parsonage. I made most of it with my own hands, and took more pride in it than any other house I have inhabited."

"There is no artificiality in the mountains," he said with enthusiasm, speaking of this primitive parsonage. "Extemporaneous preaching? Yes, indeed, when my clothes had to occupy one side of the saddle-bag, and my entire library the other, and the preacher's fate was sealed with his audience if he carried a scrap of paper to the pulpit!"

It was in memory of those brisk mountain days that my host looked smilingly at me over his dinner-table and asked, "Will you take long sweeten' or short?" the "short" being sugar, and the long drawn out sweeten' being, of course, molasses. That region, the Cumberland Mountains, is the scene of Dr. Barton's best story, "A Hero in Homespun," and much of his historical writing. He never tires of talking about the nobility of those rough mountain folk, and the great service they did this country in our Civil War. Indeed, the young author's first book—long ago out of print—was a story of that little-known region. He showed me the slender volume.

"I published it myself," he explained, when, with an editor's instinct, I looked at the title-page. "My friends thought me foolish, because I risked one hundred dollars on it at a time when one hundred dollars meant very much to me. But I gave a course of lectures and sold the book at the door, getting back my one hundred dollars, and one hundred dollars to boot."

There is enterprise for you!

That was while he was enjoying his first regular pastorate—in northern Ohio; for he took a theological course at Oberlin, working his way by preaching. He had a church all through his seminary course, and thought over his lessons while driving the nineteen miles that lay between his church and the seminary.

I wish I had space to tell you about his methods of work, how he "puts in his time" on the cars, how he has a book always with him ready for the odd minutes, and especially about his fine enthusiasm for that noble study, history. Although so short a time in Boston, he knows the old city as few of its natives know it, and is never so happy as when guiding a party of eager young folks among the narrow ways of Salutation Alley and Spring Lane, or to show them,

noosing in musty cellars and dusty attics, what is left of the Province House or Paul Revere's old home. Those six hundred Ohio Endeavorers that went to Plymouth under his guidance during the Boston Convention will never forget their treat. He is now engaged on a boys' story of the Boston Massacre.

And how I should like to give you a little glimpse of that beautiful home, with its "little mother," its two girls, and four healthy, bright boys, down to Rob the youngest, who will fly to his father's arms and straight-way pipe up kindergarten songs in which the dignified doctor instantly joins; yes, and the summer home at Foxboro, with its "wigwam," the ideal woodland study, and its active joys of canoeing, and the like.

But I have done enough to set before your mind's eyes, young men and women of The Christian Endeavor World, a typical American life, the life which, as we proudly recognize, is made possible in our happy country for any young man or woman, however poor, who has good brains, good grit, and a good conscience. Here is one of the leading clergymen of a great denomination, and one of our favorite and popular authors, still far from forty, and still cherishing that copper cent as a reminder of difficulties courageously met and conquered like a man. May this recital spur us all to braver living.



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## WELLINGTON STREETS.

PERMANENT IMPROVEMENTS TO BE SUGGESTED.

Their Present Condition—Past Efforts to Improve Them—Future Plans to Improve Them—To Be Followed Next Week by Practical Suggestions.

The present condition of our streets seem to demand a little attention from the thinking portion of our people. It is a fact that the man who undertakes to cross one of our streets at this time, takes his life in his hand, invites peril, and plays with fate. To sit in one's window or doorway and gaze upon the slimy depths is enough to bring tears to the eyes of a marble statue.

The general aspect is that of a country barn-yard, traversed by mortar canals along the line of the stone pavement. The said pavement serves to keep teams and wagons from miring, but once let them veer from the straight and narrow path, they are liable to disappear from earthly view. And as for the pedestrian, he has no use for the stone pavements just now, but may find them traversable next summer when he will not need them. The same condition prevails every spring and every fall. It was so last year, the year before, and so on backward up to the time when "the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." It is likely to be so next year, and the year following, and so on up to the "millennial dawn" unless our citizens should take some steps to change this condition of things.

An effort was made ten or twelve years ago to improve the streets. Clark's field stone was bought and laid on the two main streets and on Prospect street at an original cost of many thousands of dollars. That was an experiment, and has served a purpose, but it has never been satisfactory. At best, it has been a little make-shift, along the same line, but a little smoother than the ancient "corduroy" of our fathers. It was intended to keep teams out of the mud, except when it is necessary to pass one another. It does not even do that.

Today the mud is ankle deep its whole length and breadth. Besides, at its best it is hard on wagons and hard on horses, and when a farm wagon is driven over it at full speed, telephones and ordinary conversation anywhere in its vicinity must be temporarily suspended. It is constantly being worn into chuck holes and always in need of repair. A goodly part of every summer is spent by the commissioner and his street force in patching up the stone road.

Now these things ought not to be. The stone pavement has had its day and is a dismal failure as permanent improvement. Now we would not say all this about the present status of our streets, had we not, as we think, something better, far better to suggest—but we defer our suggestions until next week.

Be sure and read our great offer of THE ENTERPRISE for a year and the Farm Journal five years, all for the price of our paper alone. Just walk up to the captain's office and draw the greatest prize you ever drew.

## GASOLINE EXPLOSION.

E. A. VanCleaf the Victim—Used the Dangerous Fluid by Mistake.

On last Wednesday morning as Mr. E. A. VanCleaf was in the act of kindling a fire in the furnace at the home of Mrs. Chapman, next door, and had thoroughly saturated the kindlings with what he supposed was kerosene, when touching a match to the materials an explosion followed which proved very disastrous and distressing to him. The flames came into his face and eyes with sudden force and blisters his face and eyeballs to such an extent as to blind him. Assistance came and led him to his home where he was prepared by a doctor for a trip to Cleveland, where he now languishes in Lakeside hospital, and is doing as well as could be expected under the circumstances. His friends have strong hopes that his eyesight may not be materially impaired. This all came about by somebody filling with gasoline, without his knowledge, the can which Mr. VanCleaf usually kept filled with kerosene for kindling purposes.

W. C. T. U.

The annual meeting of the Lorain County Woman's Christian Temperance Union will be held May 9, in the First Congregational church, Oberlin. Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts, superintendent of the National Reform Bureau, Washington, D. C., will give the evening address.

A basket lunch will be the order for dinner. Delegates and visitors remaining over night will be furnished entertainment. Epworth League and Christian Endeavor societies are asked to send representatives.

Mrs. Lucinda M. Davis, Oberlin, County President.  
Mrs. Mary H. Houghton, Wellington, Recording Secretary.

Buckley's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by W. F. Near & Co., druggists.

## Strong Endorsements

Dr. Mary E. Green, president National Household Economics Association, member American Medical Association, member American Public Health Association, author of "Food Products of the World," writes from Charlotte, Mich.: "The excellence of Pabst Malt Extract is not unknown to me, as I have used it most satisfactorily for years, always with the most satisfactory results. For mothers nursing their children and for general debility from any cause, I regard it as of especial value, as it combines both tonic and nutrient properties, which make it truly the 'Best' Tonic."

"I recently prescribed Pabst Malt Extract, The 'Best' Tonic, to three of my patients, all of whom were ladies, and all of whom were suffering from dyspepsia and its consequences, and in all three cases it acted like a charm. Two of them bought more of the tonic, and continued to take it, until now they tell me they can eat anything, and one of them added 'everything' without the slightest inconvenience. They have certainly improved wonderfully in weight and strength. I have prescribed your 'Best' Tonic a great number of times. It is one of the best, if not the very best, of its kind."

R. B. Buzan, M. D., Jersey City, N. J.

## A NEW FIRM.

New Management—Full and Complete Stock—Cleveland Brought to our Doors.

The business which until recently has been conducted by J. S. Mallory & Co., was purchased by Wm. Taylor Son & Co. and from now on will be known as

## THE TAYLOR STORE.

The new store will continue to carry the same general line of goods as under the former management. However, the stock will be more full and complete, the design being to sustain such an intimate connection with the Cleveland store that any article that people may want in their line can be purchased here on just as favorable terms as the same article can be bought in Cleveland. Mr. Mallory on Monday resigned the management into the hands of the new manager, Mr. J. E. Teare, of Cleveland, who has for seven years past held the position of assistant manager of the firm of Wm. Taylor Son & Co., with control of about 250 employees.

Mr. Teare is a young man, apparently endowed with push and energy, and by his business experience, well equipped for the work to which he has been promoted. The people of Wellington and vicinity may rely upon the continuance of a first class dry goods store on the corner. Watch our columns for their announcement of grand opening.

## A Communication.

To the Editor of THE WELLINGTON ENTERPRISE—My attention was recently called to absurd and unjust reports circulating in Wellington, in regard to our disposal of various articles at our old homestead there. I am told that persons (unknown to me) have said that valuable clothing, furniture and other household goods have been ruthlessly destroyed—burned up; also that some old friends have been disturbed by these incredible reports.

In justice to ourselves and to life-long and valued friends of our family in Wellington I wish to say that by pre-arrangement with my brother in New York, and my husband, we met last week at the old home, and that everything stored there belonging to our family was carefully examined, and such things as could be preserved and divided among ourselves were reserved for that purpose. Rubbish, the accumulation of long years, there was no alternative but to burn.

Some articles of more or less value, we were sorry to find ruined by moths. A very few things of no intrinsic value, but which associations made sacred to us, we could not pass into the hands of strangers. No article except those included in the above classes were destroyed by fire or otherwise. I wish to assure all interested friends no heartless, unfeeling vandalism was practiced there.

Very Respectfully,  
C. J. Loveland Reamer,  
Oberlin, O.

## At Home Again.

Alex Justice, of Brighton, who, it was feared by his friends, was lost, or had been the victim of foul play, is very much alive. He visited this office last Saturday and told us he knew it was a mistake as soon as he heard of it. He had been sick for two weeks, was the reason for the delay.

## COUNTY SEAT NEWS.

OFFICIAL TRANSACTIONS AT THE SEAT OF JUSTICE.

Exchange of Real Estate—List of Marriage Licenses—Divorces Wanted and Granted—Doings in the Different Courts During the Past Week.

## Real Estate Transfers.

F. G. Barnard and wife to L. K. Rughe, lot 63, Grafton. \$ 100  
J. Austin Cogswell to Elihu G. Jones, lot 3, Penfield's addition of lot 22, Elyria, 2,850  
Jacob Bart and wife to Henry Male, part lot 15, Grafton township. Other property and Thomas MacCann and Kate McCann to William Brady, part lot 1100 Sheffield Land Co.'s addition to Lorain. 400  
Martin and Susanna Hoja to John Martyn, lot 47, Root's addition to Lorain. 400  
Michael Potts to D. H. Aiken, lot 18 in W. A. Braman's addition to Lorain. 250  
Albert V. Hageman to Clinton Metzger, part lot 3, block 8 Brownell's addition to Lorain. 400  
John Stang to Theo. F. Daniels, lot 3, block 4, Hogan's addition to Lorain. 1  
Eliert F. Chapman to Clifford E. Chapman and Pearl Chapman part lot 9, tract 17, Huntington township. 438.42  
Anton Noveski and wife to Stacy Jonas, lot 125, Grafton village. 125  
G. A. Resek to James A. Francis lots 2 and 4 in block 4, Lorain. 750  
Worthy Streator, trustee to W. B. Thompson, part lot 5, tract 1, Black River township. 550  
Thomas McCann to George Aston, lot 1,100 Sheffield Land Co.'s addition to Lorain. 360  
Benjamin Hull and wife to Chas. A. Finley, lot 47, Wellington township. 5,000  
Levi Shears to John Strohmeyer, lot 6, Shears' subdivision to Elyria. 350  
George Cornish to Alex McAdam, lot 16, Eaton township. 650  
William Dunlap and wife to Anton Gifford, part lots 2 and 4 block 11, Brownell's addition to Lorain. 100  
Rosa M. Anselm to Hiram A. Barnard, lot 9, block 2, Braman's addition to Lorain. 300  
H. A. Barnard to Francis A. Barnard, lot 9, block 2, Braman's addition to Lorain. 300  
Eliza Bailey to James Jerome Bailey, lot 30, LaGrange. 300

## Marriage Licenses.

Francis Grice, of Cleveland and Arlett Miller, of Elyria.  
Louis Foisy and Josephine Comcher, both of Lorain.  
H. E. Gibbs and Captolin Griffin, both of Oberlin.  
George M. Sutliff and Blanche M. Dorchester, both of Wellington.  
Albert Baus and Maggie Dute, both of Amherst township.

## Probate Court.

The will of Ella Wilmot, late of Russia township, has been filed for probate.

C. M. Braman, of Elyria, has been appointed administrator of the estate of Noah Dueker of Lorain. Dueker is the man who was recently killed by an engine of the Lorain Steel Co. By a settlement with the Lorain Steel Co. and Lake Terminal railway Dueker's family gets \$400 damages.

The will of Henry Jilich, late of Brownhelm, has been admitted to probate.

John G. Baus, as administrator of the estate of Fred K. Bruce, has filed a petition for an order to sell land.

Charles Stone, of Oberlin, has been appointed administrator of the estate of Mary E. Hall, late of Russia. He gives bond in the sum of \$8,000.

Philip Eiden, of Sheffield, has been appointed guardian of Martin and Peter Eiden.

Arthur C. Swain, of Amherst, has been adjudged an epileptic and application made for his admission to the state hospital for epileptics.

The state of Ohio vs. Albert Dawes, petition larceny. Plea guilty. Sentenced to Boys' Industrial school at Lancaster. Dawes is 10 years of age.

Frank Parsons appointed administrator of estate of L. L. Lamphier, late of Russia township.

Frank Krueger appointed administrator of estate of Maria E. Schaefer, late of Henrietta.

Sophia Bruse appointed guardian of Lena, Otto and John Bruse.

## Pneumonia Follows La Grippe.

But pneumonia cannot follow the use of Foley's Honey and Tar. Pneumonia is striking down hundreds of those who thought they were cured of la grippe. Foley's Honey and Tar, taken during or after la grippe is guaranteed to prevent pneumonia.—W. H. Timott & Co.

## Land for Sale.

Three hundred acres of good farm land well located, well watered, and well timbered, near railroad, mills, and schools. Situated in Berrell township, Oneonta county, Mich. All for \$7 per acre; or exchange for property in Lorain county. For particulars, inquire of Wm. H. H. Smith, Wellington, O.